

Nov. 18, 1972

THE

Price 50 cents

# NEW YORKER

168

## ON AND OFF THE AVENUE FIRST INTIMATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

NEW YORK lives on, like Christmas, although those who do their Christmas shopping here might be led to think that only the panic inspired by the thought of unbought gifts persists unchanged from year to year. Stores open, close, or change their images with astounding speed, and few establishments can be certain that the jaunty decorations they are hoisting may not prove to be their last. Undaunted, we have been investigating a number of the livelier shopping spots—some long established, some newly mushroomed—in existence in the year 1972, and respectfully suggest various expeditions to undertake in search of Christmas gifts for women.

SOMEDAY, the office towers shaped like great glass snowplows may march right over Fifty-seventh Street and the Plaza Hotel, but while a certain elegance still haunts the area,

let's give ourselves heart by beginning here. The first stop is in the Plaza itself, at a newly opened nook off the lobby which is dedicated, a bit pompously, to Sculpture to Wear. This shop represents an absolute statement of the general tendency away from conventional jewelry. Men who are still giving hunks of rock in golden curlicues instead of symbols of Pure Form and related Concepts may be lovable, but they are scarcely chic. Much of the wearable sculpture bears the signatures of very famous artists, and is very costly, but a pretty little number called Enclosed Triangles, bearing the signature of Phyllis Mark, is a manageable \$65 in a silver-plated form, \$95 in a gold-plated one. The work—two triangles suspended inside a ring four inches in diameter—hangs from a ring around the neck when adorning human beings, and from a Lucite stand when adorning their houses. Either way, presumably, the piece is an investment.